



"IN DUMB SIGNIFICANTS PROCLAIM YOUR THOUGHTS."—SHAKESPEARE.

Vol. VI.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 15, 1876.

No. 6.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

FROM the sunny morning
To the starry night,
Every look and motion
Meets our Father's sight.

From our earliest breath
To our latest year,
Every sound we utter,
Meets our Father's ear.

Through our earthly journey,
Whereso'er we go,
Every thought and feeling
Doth our Father know.

Let us then be careful
That our looks shall be
Brave and kind and cheerful,
For our Lord to see.

Help us, O, our Father!
Hear our earnest plea—
Teach thy little children,
How to live for thee!

DARNING.

A LONG, thin needle went in and out, under one thread and over the next, under one thread and over the fourth, and so on until the bright steel shone through a network of stitches for a moment, and then left a long thread which helped to fill up and strengthen a weak place. Eliza Walborne bent her head over the work, watching it so closely that when presently her father entered, and she looked up, her eyes were misty and dim.

"What is the matter, Eliza?"

"Nothing is the matter, papa. Why do you ask?"

"Because you look as if you have been crying."

"It comes from sticking so closely to this work."

"What work is it?"

"Darning stockings."

"Is it work that you like?"

"No, papa, I hate it."

Eliza said this with so much emphasis that there could be no doubt at all but that she meant it. But her father did not quite like to hear that, and he said, "Hush."

"Well, papa, I think you would hate it, too, if you had as much of it to do as I have."

"Perhaps I should, my child, but I should be sorry for it, because it is so much better to love than dislike one's work."

"I know that, but if I cannot like it what am I to do?"

"Why do you dislike it?"

"Partly because it needs so much patience; and I have very little, and partly because it seems stupid to spend so much time in filling up holes."

But Eliza's father shook his head.

"There are many more foolish things than that," he said. "It certainly needs, but so does all work; and, at least, you have the pleasure of knowing that some good is accomplished by it. Do you know that I think a woman can scarcely be engaged in any better work than darning?"

"Oh, papa, what do you mean? If that's all women are fit for I am sorry I am a girl."

"I assure you, Eliza, that one of the best women whom I ever knew, spent her life in darning."

"Papa, how could she? I should call it a wasted life."

"Would you, my child? Then you would certainly miscall it very much. It was a most useful and satisfactory life."

"It could not have been a happy one."

"It was though."

"There must have been something strange about the woman and her life, or she never would have been content."

"Shall I tell you something of her?"

"Yes, please, papa. I confess that I am a little curious, though the story of a darning's life cannot be very interesting."

"As for that you shall judge for yourself. Miss Mayfield was fond of darning when she was a little child. She had a dear old grandmamma, who wore one of those old-fashioned, high-crowned caps and glasses, but who had a gentle voice and willing hands; and this grandmamma taught Miss Mayfield to darn. She was only six years old when she mended the first hole in her father's stockings and he was so pleased with it that he gave her half-a-crown."

"That would encourage her."

"Yes, it did. She was not very proud of her first effort, but she was diligent and persevering and so anxious to become proficient in the art that she offered to darn all the family stockings."

"Thinking that practice would make perfect."

"Exactly so; and it made her a most beautiful darning. When she was twelve years old, her darning was admired by every one who saw it, and her school-mates were often told to try and to imitate her. I think she was about fifteen years old when, as she was quietly working alone one evening, a thought came to her—it was this: 'These holes are like many things in life that are very unsightly and very uncomfortable, and it would be a good thing to stop them. I wonder if I, who can darn stockings, am able to mend homes that have holes in them.'"

"What a funny idea!"

"But you understand what she meant, do you not, Eliza?"

"Oh, yes, papa. I know she did not mean that she wanted to be a carpenter, bricklayer, and plasterer, but that she meant to be a peacemaker, and a person who should as far as possible change wrong to right."

"That was her aim; while she sat and darned stockings her thoughts were busy about other holes and rents, and the best way to mend them. She thought that she would first begin on herself."

She had one fault which often brought trouble to her—it was procrastination. She never meant to neglect her duties, but often she put them off until the opportunity to discharge them was gone. She was, in consequence, not to be relied upon for punctuality, and her friends used often to say that Mary Mayfield was sure to be late. Well, she set to work over this hole in her character; and she found it much less easy to mend than holes in stockings. She was patient, however, and patient people are almost sure, sooner or later, to conquer."

"It is so with darning, I know. If I keep putting stitches, they are sure, in time, to fill up a hole, however large it is."

"Yes, and Miss Mayfield afterward became a most punctual person. But others had holes to fill; and she was courageous enough to try to do something for them. Her brother had a habit of speaking more or less than the truth. She thought it would not do to attack him openly about it, and scold him for it, for that would be like beginning to mend the hole in the middle instead of at the sides; but she waited and watched, and put a stitch in now and then, until that hole too was filled up. Next, as she darned her stockings, she remembered the home of a friend, and how sad it was. It might, indeed, be called a torn home, for nobody was united, and every member of the family seemed to be keeping apart from the rest. Not a day passed without a quarrel, and angry tones and frowning faces were quite common things in that house."

"But what could Miss Mayfield do?"

"First of all, she examined the hole, and then she prayed and watched and waited. Next she witnessed one of the boys do a really noble deed, for he sprang in the water after a companion who was drowning and rescued him. He said nothing about it to his family, but Miss Mayfield did, and she told them in such a way that they could not help feeling proud of him."

"That was a good beginning."

"Yes, and she kept on. She waited quietly until a good opportunity came, and then she eagerly seized it. After a few months the broken home was mended, and it became quite whole, and like a new one."

"That was very good."

"So good that Miss Mayfield decided to give her life to this kind of darning; and I believe she did as much real good in the world as half a dozen ordinary women would have done."

"I will try to be a good darning too," said Eliza.—*London Christian World.*

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT OF NEW YORK CITY.

THE Fire Department of New York City, which electricity controls, is the finest and most extensive in the world. Great big London and brilliant Paris have nothing to compare with it. It costs us a good deal of money to keep it going, but we are proud of it, and no one who has seen it at work can fail to admire it. The engines and horses are the best that can be obtained, and the men are skillful and brave. Perhaps you have stood in some street when an alarm of fire has been sent out from one of the boxes. A minute or two afterward a fireman has dashed around the corner clearing the way for his engine, which has followed at race-horse speed, with bells ringing and a trail of smoke pouring from the chimney—the wheels a bright scarlet, and every bit of brass-work throwing back the sunshine in blinding rays. Then the hose carriage has come—a drum on wheels, with hundreds of yards of leather tubing wrapped around it, and half a dozen men clinging to their seats for their lives, and slipping on their coats as they were whirled onward. It seemed like a cavalry charge in a battle

and has stirred your blood with excitement. The busiest man on the thronged street has paused to watch the heroes galloping to their work. The vehicles in the roadway, that were all wedged together, have drawn aside and left a clear passage in the center.

So, within a few minutes of the time of the alarm, the gallant firemen have reached the burning building, and have scaled the walls and poured torrents of water on the flames, perhaps putting them out in less than half an hour, and perhaps fighting them for the greater part of a day.

The moment the knob in the little house is pulled, all the cog-wheels revolve with a noise like clock-work, and electricity leaps out of the roof and along the wires with a warning to the engine-houses. Away he goes over the highest buildings in the city, up this street, down that street, now along a narrow cornice seventy feet high, then around a church steeple, stopping for the millionth part of a second on a fifth story, then down to the ground, never pausing until he alights at his destination with a crash like the sound of a bad boy tumbling through the roof of a glass house.

And when he arrives there? What then? Well, I will tell exactly what happen then; but before doing that, I must ask you to swallow a few nice, dry, important facts.

You understand, of course, that no great business attends to itself, and in the Fire Department each man has a particular place and some particular duties assigned to him. The whole city, from the Battery Park at one end, to Fortham at the other, is divided into districts, each of which has a certain number of alarm-boxes and station-houses in it. The station-houses are occupied by companies of firemen, and are built of brick, three stories high, with wide green gates in front. The first floor is level with the street, and contains the engine, in the rear of which are stalls for the horses. On the second story there is a sitting-room, nicely carpeted and papered, containing a small library and pictures of celebrated firemen on the walls. Above this are the dormitories, with long rows of narrow iron beds, and a wash-room. All together, these station-houses look very comfortable, and many boys will, perhaps, consider a fireman's a very desirable life.

Suppose that you and I drop into one quite by chance some afternoon or evening; it matters little what the hour is, for the firemen have no respite, and are on duty all day and all night.

As we enter the house from the street we are at first impressed with the marvelous neatness of everything. The floors are scrubbed to a degree of whiteness that would do a tidy woman's heart good. The kalsomine on the walls is spotless, and a great big brass gong shines like a miniature sun. The engine, standing in the center, is as bright as though it had just come from the builder's hands. Its wheels are painted a flaming scarlet, and every bit of brass-work is a looking-glass. Yet it was at a fire only last night, and was drenched with water and clouded with smoke. The furnace is filled with fuel, and a brand of cotton soaked in kerosene lies near by, ready to be lighted the moment it is wanted. Perhaps you have not observed the pipe that comes up through the floor. But if you look at the little dial over the furnace, you will see that twenty-five pounds of pressure are registered, which amount of steam is constantly maintained in the boiler by means of this pipe, which is attached to another boiler in the cellar beneath; so that when the engine is called out, and her own fire lighted, she is immediately ready for use.

In the stalls behind the front apartment three plump, well-groomed horses are securely haltered, with the pet name of each written in golden letters over his bed. Some of the firemen, who are mostly young, wiry, and muscular, are in the parlor overhead.

reading or playing dominoes. Others are chatting in the rear yard.

Although the station is on noisy thoroughfare, it is as quiet as a church within, and an overfed kitten is coiled up in a tranquil sleep on the door-mat. But a surprise is in store for us, and when it comes it shakes our nerves.

Crash! The roof seems to be falling in. Crash! crash! crash! again and again. The three horses come galloping out of the stable one after the other, and stop short in front of the engine and hose-carriage. The men leap about like bounding Arabs. There is a rattle of harness; the drivers spring to their seats, and the wide doors fly open. Ready!

And the captain of the station, who has been standing quietly in a corner, with his watch in his hand, comes towards us, who are dumbfounded, and smilingly says to us: "Exactly thirteen seconds, gentlemen!" What on earth does he mean? Simply that in order to show us what his men could do, he gave a false alarm, and that a little less than a quarter of a minute after Master Electricity had sounded the gong, every man was at his place, horses were harnessed, and all things were ready for a fight with the flames.

Whenever the knob in the little houses on the telegraph poles is pulled, the same things occur in at least four engine houses. The moment the hammer of the gong fall, which it does when touched by that marvelous fellow Electricity, it disengages the horses from their halters by a connecting iron rod, and they, trained to their duties, spring to their places with as much eagerness as the men. The same signal tells where the fire is, and within ten minutes four engines are on the spot, sucking water from the mains and throwing it eighty or ninety feet high.

If the knob is pulled a second time, four more engines are called; and if again, four more; and by repeating the call, all the engines in the city may be brought to the ground.

Doesn't all this recall the story of Jack the Giant-killer to your mind? Electricity is Jack, who, although such a bit of a fellow, has the power to command this great giant of the Fire Department. —*St. Nicholas.*

THE OLD CITY OF POMPEII.

[*Naples Correspondence Indianapolis Sentinel.*]

WITHOUT giving any detailed account of a place so often described, I may say that I found the old city of Pompeii in a beautiful situation about a mile from the sea, not as I expected to find it, in the valley at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, but upon a hill, several miles distant from it. The valley between them (as it no doubt was before the city was destroyed,) is rich, fertile, and thickly populated. Within a circuit of five or six miles there are several towns and villages, with a large population. I will try, in as few words as possible, to give you an idea of the present appearance of Pompeii, and then the impression made upon my mind by the abundant evidence I saw of what it must have been when destroyed. I may say, at the outset, that only a part, perhaps one-third of the city, has been uncovered. But the plan of the city, and the place where a large part of the wall still lies buried many feet below the ground, can be plainly seen. The present excellent Italian government have taken possession of this, as they have of other places of public interest. They keep everything in the most excellent order, and are steadily carrying on the work of excavation both here and at Herculaneum. After walking a short distance from the railway station, we passed up a steep ascent and entered through a heavy battlemented gateway, into the old, resurrected city. You are entering a city 2000 years old, and broken columns

and ruined temples meet your eyes at every turn, yet they look new and fresh, many of them, as though they had just come from the chisel of the workman. We found the streets (as they are in all fortified cities) narrow, some of them only eight, ten and twelve feet. They were all paved (as the streets in Rome, Naples and Florence now are) with irregular flag stones. They are laid flat and smooth, but not cut in regular shape like the stones on our own sidewalks. Yet they make a most admirable street, without mud in winter or dust in summer. A noticeable fact was the width and excellence of the sidewalks. These were always raised from ten to sixteen inches above the roadway by a substantial curbstone. Thus on many of the streets the two sidewalks would occupy more room than the road for vehicles. The position of the city made drainage easy and it was generally upon the surface. As the center of these narrow streets would be a wide gutter, difficult to cross during heavy rains, large stepping stones were laid at every crossing. Many of the sidewalks were elegantly paved with colored bricks, and some of them with mosaics. Vehicles were evidently very little used except for the transportation of heavy articles. On several of the streets where they had passed ruts were cut in the hard lava stone by the wheels, and are still plainly to be seen; in some places the streets worn and out of repair, showing that negligent street commissioners were to be found even in those days.

SOMETHING ABOUT ORANGES.

ORANGES, which are now so plenty and so cheap that even the poorest are not forbidden to enjoy their sweet and juicy flavor, were quite unknown to Europeans a little more than three centuries ago.

It is said that the very first orange tree ever planted on European soil may still be seen, gnarled, and old, and barren, in one of the gardens at Lisbon. From this patriarchal tree how many have descended, and are scattered and flourishing over the southern half of the continent.

This orange tree come from China. The pips from which it grew were brought with great care from that Asiatic land by a Portuguese, and planted in his own country. Now oranges are grown all over Spain and Portugal, in the Mediterranean Islands, in Southern Italy, and all along the northern coast of Africa, as well as in the Island of the Caribbean, in our own Gulf States, and in Central and South America. It is said that oranges grow most plentifully in that part of what we call the "Holy Land," lying round about Jaffa, and on the road from that seaport to Jerusalem.

In a climate favorable to its growth, the orange tree yields its fruit with marvellous abundance. Twenty thousand oranges have been plucked from a single tree at the Island of St. Michael's. The sweetest and richest of all oranges are those which grow in China, and which need almost no care or culture. The blood-red oranges come mainly from the Island of Malta.

There are many oranges, of curious shape and flavor, which we seldom or never see in this country. Such are the pear-shaped kind, grown in the far east; the orange of the Philippines, which is no larger than a good-sized cherry; the double orange, in which two perfect oranges appear, one within the other, and the "fingered citron" of China, which is very large, and is placed on the table by the Celestials rather for its exquisite fragrance than for its flavor.

A MAN who gives his children a bit of industry, provides for them better than by giving them a stock of money.

THE SILENT WORLD.

Published Semi-Monthly at 711 G Street, N. W.

JOHN E. ELLEGOOD.....Publisher.

TERMS: Single subscription \$1.10 per year, in advance; six months 60 cents; three months 30 cents; single copies 8 cents. All postage will be prepaid by the publisher.

When subscriptions are not paid in advance, subscribers will be charged at the rate of \$1.50 per year. The paper will be sent until an explicit order for its discontinuance is received, and all arrearages paid.

All money should be sent by P. O. money-order, draft, or registered letter. If it is forwarded otherwise, it will be at the risk of the sender.

Address all letters to THE SILENT WORLD, WASHINGTON, D. C.

WASHINGTON, MARCH 15, 1876.

THE NATIONAL PROTESTANT.

This popular, attractive, and interesting Anti-Roman Catholic Monthly Journal, we regret to say, was suspended soon after its introduction to the public last summer in consequence of the unforeseen and unexpected financial embarrassment of the late publishers. We are pleased to announce that it has been re-established upon a sound financial basis that guarantees its permanency and successful career. The Editorial management of the paper will be in the hands of D. M. Gazlay, Esq., formerly Editor of *Gazlay's Pacific Monthly*, and for twenty-one years connected with the Press of the country. Of long practical experience as a writer and publisher, he will bring to his assistance the most able and popular theological and literary talent available in this country and Europe. The original plan of a monthly publication of the paper will be maintained for the present, but the publishers hope during the coming year to make it a regular weekly newspaper. The November number is just out and presents a handsome typographical appearance, and is brim full of interesting matter connected with the Roman Catholic question in its various aspects, and a large amount of choice and well-selected literary articles. The subscription price of THE NATIONAL PROTESTANT is but One Dollar per Annum, an amount so small that places it within the reach of the humblest in the land. Specimen copies will be sent to any address upon the receipt of ten cents by the publishers, Messrs. Vogel & Co., 67 Liberty Street, New York. We hope to see THE NATIONAL PROTESTANT liberally and generally sustained.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY IN HONOR OF THOMAS BROWN.

A VERY pleasant company assembled on Tuesday evening February 29th at the house of Thomas Brown, Esq., the well known deaf-mute, and late president of the Gallaudet Association, to celebrate his 72d birthday. There were some fifty invited guests in attendance, among whom were fifteen deaf-mutes, including Mr. Brown. The occasion was one long to be remembered by those present on account of the novelty of the scene, and more especially from the great pleasure we all enjoyed in witnessing the happy expressions manifested by those unfortunate persons at their reunion, and the opportunity it presented for calling up old memories. The occasion was made more joyful to Mr. and Mrs. Brown by the presentation to each of them an easy chair. The presentation speech was made in the sign language, by Mrs. Thomas N. Head, of Hooksett, who with her husband, was classmate of Mr. Brown and his first wife at Hartford nearly forty years ago, and was rehearsed to those

who could hear, by Mrs. Brown and was substantially as follows:

"A few deaf-mutes, on account of old friendship they cherish for you, and for the memory of your former most estimable wife, and in token of their esteem for you and your present wife, present you these chairs hoping you will occupy them every day, and take the comfort of them in your declining years." Mrs. Head then spoke of her first experience at the asylum, told how homesick she was, said it was almost unendurable at first, but being amused by games of battledoor &c., she became more contented, and finally was very happy there. Mr. Head then alluded to his early acquaintance with Mr. Brown, when he first went to the asylum, Mr. Brown being somewhat his senior, and having gone before him, his father put him under Mr. Brown's care, and they were three days in going to Hartford. He then compared the present facilities for traveling with those of that period. Remarks were also made by Mr. Grant of Manchester, Mr. Smith of New Boston and others.

Mr. Brown then replied as follows:

"My mute friends: I rejoice to see you once more this evening. I thank you for this beautiful present. I accept it with pleasure, not that I think it was due from you to me, but on account of the pleasure it affords me to enjoy your kind regards towards me as your friend. This is a gratifying surprise to me. This testimonial with which you have been pleased to honor my birthday, I shall ever cherish with emotions which I cannot here express. As I shall look at it from time to time, should my life be spared for a few more years, I shall think in all the future with a melancholy pleasure, of this day, as standing out with a strong and memorable eminence among the days of my earthly pilgrimage, and of you and my friends with a friend's love. You have been pleased to appoint the 29th to meet me instead of the 25th which is my birthday. It makes not much difference to this necessary postponement. Allow us to ask you mutes, to join us, to feel thankful to Divine Mercy that mute societies are prevalent in this country for the benefit of our mute community.

"Our mute and hearing friends: we thank you from our hearts for coming here this evening to honor this occasion with your presence. We hope to remember this gratifying testimonial of warm friendship, and also wish for all your temporal and spiritual happiness."

The company were bountifully served with a variety of cake and tea and at a late hour, departing to their homes, wishing that this anniversary may return to our friend many times, and that we may all meet at last where the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped, and the tongue of the dumb sing.

P.

Henniker, N. H., March 1, 1876.

A MILLION DOLLAR HAMMER.

A GERMAN paper informs us that the famous steel works of Frederick Krupp, are about to receive a very important addition to their machinery. The largest steam-hammer in use at these works at the present time is one capable of working a mass of steel fifty tons in weight, and erected at the cost of \$560,000. It is now in contemplation to build a new steam-hammer capable of beating up a mass of steel of double the weight, namely, one hundred tons. The new machine, it is estimated, will cost \$1,000,000, and will be the most powerful in the world; and it may be expected that the size and weight of the German artillery will be enormously increased as the new steam-hammer will permit the working-up of larger masses of metal than, up to the present time, has been thought to be possible by scientific engineers.

A LETTER FROM LAURA BRIDGMAN.

THE Boston *Advertiser* prints the following touching letter, addressed by Laura Bridgman to the sister of the late Dr. Howe, who did so much for her, although she was deaf, dumb, and blind:

January, 11, 1876.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I have just sat down in my cosy room, and am enjoying a beam of the sun. I enjoyed a long call and a pleasant interview with you yesterday, though it was very solemn in the conversation concerning your brother, whom you and I mourn so deeply. But he is much happier at last. You will meet him in Zion. God will make my life his care. Let not your heart be troubled, casting your care on God, for he cares for you. Cast your burden upon Jesus, he will give you rest. Dr. Howe told me a few times that I was his daughter. I esteemed him highly and loved him so dearly. When I was ill he often called on me and did good for me. Christmas he greeted me so naturally, without saying a word. At the last, I felt sad not to spell a word to him. He looked flushed and ill, they told me. I hope that you slept well last night. Be of good cheer. Truly yours,

L. D. BRIDGMAN.

When asked how Dr. Howe greeted her "so naturally" last Christmas, she replied: "He put his hand upon my head."

IN MEMORY OF DR. HOWE.

At the memorial service held in Boston last week, in honor of the late Dr. Howe, Dr. O. W. Holmes read a poem, of which the following stanzas are printed:

DR. HOLMES' POEM.

He touched the eyelid of the blind,
And lo! the veil withdrawn,
As o'er the midnight of the mind
He led the light of dawn.

He asked not whence the fountains roll,
No traveller's foot has found,
But mapped the deserts of the soul,
Untracked by sight or sound.

What prayers have reached the sapphire throne,
By silent fingers spelt,
For him who first through depths unknown,
His doubtful pathway felt.

Who sought the slumbering sense that lay
Close shut with bolt and bar,
And showed awakening though the ray
Of reason's morning star!

A CHILD'S FAITH IN MOTHER AND GOD.

On Saturday evening last, Platteville, Colorado, was startled by the report that a little girl, aged about nine years, a twin daughter of Mr. Southerland, who recently moved into the neighborhood, was lost on the plains. It appears that the child accompanied her father in search of cattle, and when about two miles out, they found some calves, one of which had a bell attached to its neck. The cows not being in sight, the father directed the child to follow the calves, which he supposed would go direct home, while he would go in search of the cows. It was then half-past 4 p. m. At about 6 o'clock the father returned home, and learned that his little daughter had not come in, but was all the while supposed by its mother to be with its father.

The alarm was at once given to the people in the village, and some twenty or more persons went out and scoured the country for six or eight miles in every direction, but without success, though some of them were out until four o'clock next morning; and two, one a boy of seventeen, having themselves been lost, did not reach home until 8 o'clock Sunday morning. On Sunday some men and boys on horseback, and at least twenty on foot, went out, notwithstanding the extremely cold, wet wind, but after hunting all day,

returned unsuccessful. Again on Monday morning men from every direction were on the hunt, and in the most systematic manner examined a wide strip of country, from the Platte to near the Box Elder, and were still looking, headed toward home, when a signal gun was heard, by which all knew the child has been found.

The little one had followed the calves for a time, but as they did not go home, she soon became conscious that she was lost. At first, she says, she wandered around, but hearing the growling around her she started in a straight course which took her to the Box Elder, and, without knowing what direction she was taking, followed the bed of the creek until daylight. At that time she saw trees on the Platte and started for them, arriving at the ranch of Mr. John Beebe, about four miles below Evans, at 10 o'clock Sunday morning, having traveled constantly for eighteen hours, and probably a distance of not less than twenty-five miles.

She said that the wolves kept close to her heels and snapped at her feet, but that her mother told her that if she was good the Lord would always take care of her, and so she knew the wolves would not hurt her, because God wouldn't let them.

She was taken home as sound and fresh as though she had taken only a short walk of ten or twelve miles.—*Denver Morning News.*

FINDING A WIFE.

ONE true girl is to be sought for. She does not parade herself as show goods. She is not fashionable. Generally she is not rich. But O what a heart she has when you find her! so large, so pure, and so womanly! When you see it you wonder if those showy things outside were really women! If you gain her love, your two thousand are a million. She will not ask you for a first-class house. She will wear simple dresses, and turn them, when necessary, though vulgar magnificence frowns on her economy. She will keep every thing neat and nice in your sky-parlor, and give you such a welcome when you come home that you will think your parlor higher than ever. She will entertain true friends on a dollar, and astonish you with the new thought, how little happiness depends on money! She will make you love home, (if you do not you are a brute,) and teach you how to pity, while you scorn, a poor fashionable who thinks herself rich, and vainly tries to think herself happy.

Now do not, I pray you, say any more, "I can't afford to marry." Go find the true woman, and you can! Throw away that segar, burn up that switch cane, be sensible yourself, and seek your wife in a sensible way.—*Dr. Crosby.*

AN UNPUBLISHED ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

A MASTER mechanic named Williams, residing near Sunnyside, had occasion to enlarge his force. There came to him among others a native of Scotland—a man, apparently, of frugal, industrious habits and of quite ordinary education. Conversation incidentally turning one day upon Scotland and its distinguished novelist, Sir Walter Scott, the laborer referred to, took occasion to compare him with Washington Irving, quite to the latter's advantage. Williams, thereupon, remarked to his companion that Irving resided in the neighborhood (a fact he had not before known;) that he frequently passed the place in his daily walks; and, as he knew him well, when occasion offered, he would introduce him. A few days after, Williams was called to an adjoining town for a few days leaving his man to continue the work in his absence, no opportunity having in the interim been afforded to secure to him the much-desired introduction to Mr. Irving. While Williams was away, Mr. Irving, as he had not done for some days previous,

chanced to pass by the place where this man was employed. Mr. Irving, confronting him, with true gentlemanly instinct, raised his hat, and the laborer as gallantly responded. Being in a communicative mood, Mr. Irving passed some observations upon the state of the weather; to which he received a very respectful reply, although the laborer was totally unaware that he was addressing Washington Irving. Mr. Irving, noticing his manner of pronunciation, remarked: "Ah! you are a Scotchman, a countryman of the world's greatest novelist. I should think that you would highly esteem the honor." "I thank you, sir," returned the laborer, "for your highly complimentary reference to my distinguished countryman; but I must beg leave to differ with you in your estimate of his power and position. There are several, to my mind, who can successfully compete for such a distinction with the author of 'Kenilworth.'" "Name a novelist," said Mr. Irving, "whom you consider as ranking above Sir Walter." "I consider Washington Irving to be undeniably his superior," was the response. "Pshaw! you are wholly mistaken," said Mr. Irving. "Washington Irving never wrote anything at all to compare with this," quoting a favorite passage from Scott's most interesting work. "I concede the beauty of the passage to which you have called my attention," rejoined the laborer; "but it becomes quite common-place when compared with this," quoting one of the most charming selections that can be found in Irving's works. "That may have some little merit attached to it," responded Mr. Irving, "but it becomes quite prosaic when one's attention is called to this," making another quotation from the author he was defending. "I again beg leave to differ," returned his opponent, proceeding to specify the respects in which he considered the selection he had made from Irving's work far superior to that which Irving had made from Scott; and so the intellectual battle progressed, each valiantly defending the author whom he had championed, and each by argument, by comparison, and by abundant illustration seeking to prove the accuracy to his views and the correctness of his position, and for every Oliver from Mr. Irving the laborer returned a Roland. Both of the contestants became highly excited and both were oblivious of the rapid passing of time. It was not until warned by the approach of twilight that the laborer realized how completely he had been drawn from his proper work and how many hours had been passed in the earnest discussion. Mortified that he should have thus been led away, he refused to continue it, though Mr. Irving was exceedingly desirous of so doing. About the middle of the forenoon of the following day Mr. Irving again appeared and desired to continue the argument; but the laborer, knowing that he had on the previous occasion employed for his own use, refused to comply with the request, saying, "that his time was not his own and he could not use it as though it were." And so they separated. When Williams returned home he was informed by the laborer of what had occurred, and, though he suspected that the man's opponent was none other than Mr. Irving himself, he said nothing to that effect. It happened a few days later that they were working on the same spot where the colloquy occurred; when, chancing to look up, Williams observed: "There comes Mr. Irving. Now I will introduce you." Judge of the surprise and consternation of the humble laborer when he discovered Mr. Irving to be the individual with whom he had so gallantly contended and whose works he had so successfully lauded but a few days previous. The recognition was mutual; but nothing was said, however respecting their recounter, and they soon parted. The laborer, upon returning to his cottage, at the close of the day's work, a few days later, found an express package awaiting him, which upon opening he found to contain a complete set of the works of Washington Irving, in

most elegant binding, with the author's autographic compliments written on a fly-leaf. He said nothing, however, but quietly pursued his usual occupation. Imagine Mr. Irving's surprise when, coming in from a drive, a few days later, he found a complete set of the works of Sir Walter Scott, very elegantly and tastily gotten up, awaiting him, with autographic regards of the laborer—his plebian opponent—written upon one of the blank pages. Of course, he could do nothing but retain the gift for he had found in the laborer his equal, and one of the lower walks of life had disclosed to him a man in whom, though a mere laborer, the instinct of true courtesy was highly developed as in himself. Mr. Irving was afterward accustomed to allude to the episode with apparently great satisfaction, and it is one upon which an old resident of Sunnyside is glad to linger.—*Independent.*

INSTITUTION NEWS.

COLLEGE RECORD.

A VALIANT junior vehemently maintained, the other evening, against the Seniors, that hens laid more eggs in winter than at any other time. And he will prove it with a practical illustration if necessary.

To all whom it may concern: If any person has, with malicious intent, smuggled a spoon, knife, or fork from the dining-room, he is forthwith warned to return the same without delay and receive the blessing of the servants.

LEAP YEAR—moralize well, boys, and don't be fooled with pink notes, no matter how charming they may look. We could enumerate a hundred youths who have been led astray, and then left alone to chew bitterly "Contention's bone."

AFTER secreting himself several days in a mysterious room, from whence issued various aromatic(?) fumes, friend Gray has at last appeared beaming with smiles, but grim with smoke and stains, and has announced his readiness to print from negatives any desired number of photos, at a most reasonable price, and we warrant his word.

RESIDENTS of Washington appear to have no correct notion of what the College is, or what it is for, or even what its name is. We have seen various descriptions wherein they style it the "Deaf, Dumb and Blind Asylum," the "Blind Institute," etc., but never as the Deaf-Mute college. Lately one description in a guide-book has the statement "the board with the notice telling visitor Chapel Services are held on Sunday at 3 P. M., is a toll-gate. What next?

OHIO.

SOME time last December there occurred in a small hospital building, of the Institution building, several cases of small-pox, and of course the utmost precaution was taken by the officers of the institution to prevent the disease from gaining a fast hold among pupils. The persons having the disease were removed to the city pest-house and gradually the fears of its spreading died away, and nothing of it was thought of again until about three weeks ago, when all at once there appeared among several pupils a kind of malady that resembled much like small-pox. Of course as soon as this was discovered, those afflicted were sent up to the E floor, and there treated according to the requirements. The disease kept spreading until there were in the neighborhood of thirty cases, and still no exact conclusion had been arrived at as to the nature of the ailment. The excitement among the pupils and officers began to grow to fever heat, especially among the former. Rumors that school would be dismissed in a few days and the like were frequently given out, and every one appeared to be on the alert, lest he or she should come in contact with some person afflicted with the small-pox that had not been sent to the hospital. There were those, however, among them the Superintendent of the Institution, who took a calmer view of the situation, pronouncing the disease nothing more than chicken-pox, or if worse, perhaps a mild type of varioloid. However, in order to remove all fears and set the minds of those who were terribly stirred up about it at rest, a conference of a number of the leading physicians was held at the Institution on Friday, March 3, who, after making a thorough examination of the patients, pronounced the disease nothing more or less than chicken-pox. Of course this news was received with joy and removed a great deal of anxiety from those at the head of the Institution, while those who had blown their horns loudest over that of which they were as

uncertain as to the time of the arrival of the Day of Judgment, felt themselves the cheapest.

"A reporter of the *Dispatch* newspaper of this city, who interviewed Superintendent Fay on the subject, was informed that there is not and has not been a case of varioloid in the Institution at least for three years. A special telegram to the Cincinnati *Commercial* has this to say in reference to the matter in yesterday's issue:

For a month past it has been understood that there were several cases of varioloid among inmates of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, located in this city. The disease was spoken of as an unusually mild type, and pains having been taken, as usual in case of any epidemic breaking out in this Institution, to seclude the patients in a hospital ward remote from other inmates, no allusion was made to the matter by correspondents of the press. The disease continues to spread somewhat unaccountably, until some thirty were attacked. The attending physicians still surprised at the mildness of the attacks, at a recent meeting of the Trustees it was decided to call a council of physicians, which being held to-day, unanimously decided that the supposed varioloid was only some very safe cases of chicken-pox. This decision of a Board consisting of Drs. Hamilton, Wirth and others of equal note, has, of course, been hailed with great satisfaction by the authorities of the Institution, and it is now regarded as certain that not one case of varioloid or small-pox has occurred there this winter."

Nothing is said of small-pox or varioloid now, both the subject and the excitement attending it, like the Arabs has folded its tents and gone to parts unknown. **

Columbus, March 1, 1876.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

ONE county in Illinois sold its peppermint crop last year for \$500,000.

A pine tree was recently cut on the Menominee river, Wisconsin, that scaled 4,490 feet.

A lump of crude iron was recently rolled into a leaf so thin that four square inches only weighed one grain.

Glasgow claims to be the second city in the British Isles. It has a population of 547,598, against the 473,405 of Liverpool.

A Persian proverb says, "There are only two days for which to feel anxious. One is the day that is past, the other is the day to come."

The Chaplain of a workhouse in the suburbs of London has resigned because the inmates of the house were "forever singing the Moody and Sankey hymns."

A single English firm has built 16,000 iron bridges for the Bombay, Baroda, Central India, and other East India railroads. The last one sent to India will be 9,068 feet in length.

They have got a boy in Binghamton five years old, who is physically perfect, healthy, talks distinctly, is very active, and weighs only nine pounds. He is twenty-three inches high.

A Charlotte (N. C.) man two years ago gave two pigs calomel for cholera. They recovered, but stopped growing. They died recently, pigs in size, but covered with very long bristles.

In the old record book of a Connecticut church, dated 1702, is this item: "For making a noise in church, Ann Bolton, spinster, is to sit three days in the poor pew, and pay a fine of five shillings."

Chicago has a new way of heating her horse cars. A red hot 100r pound shot is placed in a box under the car, with registers to admit the heat. Five of these will heat a railway car for four hours, the inventor says.

A man, who said he was very poor, nearly blind, and unable to work, and whose appearance justified his words, was recently, in London, fined six cents and two shillings cost for not sending his son to school. He was unable to pay it, and was sent to jail for five days.

The Nagasaki *Rising Sun* says that the Buddhist religion is fast declining. In Yamashima Ken alone seventy one Buddhist temples have been abandoned since 1873, and during the past six years nearly 700 temples have been converted to other purposes than those for which they were built.

A Hungarian chemist, Dr. Von Sawiczewsky, has found that the best way to preserve fresh meat is to subject it to a temperature of 33 degrees below freezing, and then seal it in air-tight cans. Meat thus treated appears, when unsealed, as fresh in taste and color as when first killed. A German Government commission have made careful and successful experiments with the object of supplying two corvettes of the German navy, which are about to sail around the world, with a large stock of the frozen meat. A large factory is being erected in Hungary for its preparation.

Japan has a Bible-in-the-schools controversy, the Buddhists endeavoring to have the reading of the Bible in the Christian school in Kivoto prohibited by order of the Emperor. The Buddhists are very influential, and are favored by the Emperor, but his chief counsellor and the Minister of Education are friendly to Christianity.

According to the Paris correspondent of the *Montreal Herald*, Eugene Sue derives his plot of "The Wandering Jew" from a similar incident in the career of a Paris druggist, who, many years ago, bought a piece of woodland at Saint Acheul, built an enclosure and house thereon, and stocked the place with rabbits. Hoping to live for many years, he calculated that after his death his children would become possessed of millions of rabbits. He fell ill, however, about five years afterward, and bequeathed the rabbit colony to his children, provided it should not be broken into before their becoming of age. Meanwhile the prolific little animals had already increased so greatly in numbers during five years that a neighboring Jesuit establishment was seriously injured by their depredations, and was compelled to appeal to a court of justice, which promptly caused the rabbit colony to be broken up. The druggist was furious at seeing his pet scheme thwarted, and devoted the rest of his days to the bitterest denunciations of the Society of Jesus.

SPECIAL NOTICE.



A Magnificent Oil Chromo.

"London Bridge" or "Frolics of Childhood,"

will be sent to every one who sends seven subscribers for THE CHIT CHAT, monthly published for children.

Specimen copies of THE CHIT CHAT may be had for five cents each.

Address THE CHIT CHAT, P. O. Box 47, Washington, D. C.

Single subscription per year is FIFTY CENTS without picture, and with picture SIXTY CENTS.

A
Fine Art Magazine for the Young.
ST. NICHOLAS FOR
1875.

After two years' of prosperity, unexampled in the annals of juvenile literature, during which ST. NICHOLAS has consolidated with itself all its strongest competitors, the publishers find themselves in a position to promise that the Third Volume, beginning with the number for November, 1875, shall, in its UNUSUAL ATTRACTIONS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS, surpass even the preceding volumes. In addition to contributions from

THE FIRST WRITERS OF AMERICA, there will be Stories, Poems, and Sketches by some of the MOST PROMINENT ENGLISH AUTHORS. Arrangements have been made for a very interesting series of papers on

WINDSOR CASTLE,

By MRS. OLIPHANT, Treating of its HISTORY AND THE CHILD-LIFE OF SUCCESSIVE ROYAL GENERATIONS.

Christina G. Rosetta

Will contribute for the new volume.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT

Will write "MARJORIE'S BIRTHDAY GIFTS," and other short stories.

Some articles on ASTRONOMY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE have been promised by the popular English Astronomer,

RICHARD PROCTOR.

There will be a continued story of LIFE IN ICELAND by

BAYARD TAYLOR.

In the November Number, the opening of the new volume, will begin an

AMERICAN SERIAL STORY,

"The Boy Emigrants,"

By NOAH BROOKS.

Giving the adventures of a party of boys in THE CALIFORNIA GOLD MINES, in the early days of the old Fever.

J. T. FROVERIDGE

Author of the "Jack Hazard" stories, will contribute some highly interesting sketches of adventure at Bear Cove.

"TALKS WITH GIRLS,"

By leading authors, will be a prominent feature of the new volume. Especial attention will be given to

INCIDENTS OF AMERICAN HISTORY
With spirited pictorial illustrations.

The various departments, JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT, THE RIDDLE-BOX, and LETTER-BOX, and the pages for VERY LITTLE FOLKS, are to be more attractive than ever. The French, Latin, and German stories, for translation, which have proved so popular, will be frequent in the new volume. Some of the finest works of the GREATEST PAINTERS OF THE CENTURY have been engraved expressly for ST. NICHOLAS, and the first artists of the day will contribute fresh and original drawings for this FINE ART MAGAZINE FOR THE YOUNG. Definite announcements of many interesting and novel features will be made in the December number. ST. NICHOLAS will continue under the successful editorship of

MARY MAPES DODGE,

And no efforts will be spared by the editor and publishers to maintain and increase the attraction and value of the magazine.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 a year; Single Numbers, 25 cents; Bound Volumes, \$1.00 each.

These volumes begin with November. The two now ready for 1874 and 1875 are elegantly bound in red and gold, and form the HANDSOMEST GIFT-BOOK FOR CHILDREN EVER ISSUED. We will send the magazine one year, beginning November 1875, and either of the volumes bound as above, postpaid for \$7.00; or a subscription one year, and the two volumes for \$10.00. All newsdealers and bookellers will receive subscriptions and supply volumes at the above rates.

SCRIBNER & Co.,

743 & 745 Broadway, N. Y.

Pond's Extract.

The People's Remedy for Internal & External Use.

POND'S EXTRACT CURES

PILES, blind and bleeding; INFLAMMATIONS and ULCERATIONS; HEMORRHOGE from any organ—Nose, Gums, Lungs, Bowels, Kidneys, Womb, &c; CONGESTIONS, ENLARGEMENTS.

POND'S EXTRACT INVALUABLE

For DYSENTERY and RHEUMATISM; Inflammation of EYES and EYELIDS; Inflammation of OVARIES; Vaginal LEUCORRHEA; VARICOSE VEINS; Sore NIPPLES.

POND'S EXTRACT for sale by all First-class Druggists, and recommended by all Druggists, Physicians, and everybody who has ever used it.

PAMPHLET containing HISTORY and Uses mailed free on application, if not found at your Druggist's

POND'S EXTRACT CO.,

NEW YORK and LONDON.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of over 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising.

\$12 A DAY at home. Agents wanted. Out-stand terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

TRUNKS, TRUNKS,

WHIPS, HARNESS, SADDLERY, SATCHELS, POCKET BOOKS, TRAVELLING BAGS, SHAWL STRAPS, &c., &c., &c.

THE LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTED STOCK

WASHINGTON D. C.

Practical Manufactory

OF

Jas. S. Topham & Co.,

425 Seventh St., adjoining Odd Fellow's Hall.

F. FREUND'S

LADIES'

National Confectionery,
Dining and Ice-cream Saloon,

520 Tenth street.

Special attention to the wants of my patrons, and perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Please report immediately any inattention on the part of the waiters.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

To the Editor of THE SILENT WORLD.

ESTEEMED FRIEND.

Will you please inform your readers that I have a positive

CURE FOR CONSUMPTION and all disorders of the Throat and Lungs, and that, by its use in my practice, I have cured hundreds of cases, and will give

\$1,000 00

for a case it will not benefit. Indeed, so strong is my faith, I will send a Sample free, to any sufferer addressing me.

Please show this letter to any one you may know who is suffering from these disease, and oblige,

Faithfully Yours,

Dr. T. F. Burt.

60 WILLIAM ST., New York

ANDREW SAKS.

B. KATZENSTEIN

GREAT SALE OF CLOTHING.

\$50,000

WORTH OF "ODDS AND ENDS" OF STOCK

AT FIFTY-CENTS ON THE DOLLAR

OF THEIR VALUE.

They are all strictly first-class goods, and are sold at that price in order to clean out stock.

A. SAKS & CO.,

816 SEVENTH STREET.

LOSANO & HARDON,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

CORNER OF NINTH AND D STREETS N. W.

Have just received a fine assorted line of FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC GOODS For fall and winter, which they are prepared to make up in the latest style.

sept. 30.

FITS CURED FREE!!

Any person suffering from the above disease is requested to address DR. PRICE, and a trial bottle of medicine will be forwarded by Express.

FREE!

The only cost being the Express charges, which, owing to my large business, are small. Dr. Price has made the treatment of

FITS OR EPILEPSY

a study for years, and he will warrant a cure by the use of his remedy.

Do not fail to send for a trial bottle; it costs nothing, and he

WILL CURE YOU

no matter of how long standing your case may be, or how many other remedies may have failed

Circulars and testimonials sent with

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE.

Be particular to give your Express, as well as your Post Office direction, and Address,

Dr. Chas. T. Price,

67 William Street, New York.

WATCHES,

By all the most celebrated makers at VERY LOW PRICES.

JEWELRY,

In every variety of the finest quality.

SILVER WARE,

Of the latest designs and most unique workmanship.

PLATED WARE,

New and elegant patterns of VERY SUPERIOR QUALITY.

Clocks & Bronzes,

Fancy Goods, etc., designed for

Wedding Presents.

M. W. GALT, BRO., & CO.,

Jewellers, 1107 Pennsylvania Avenue.